

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ham. Vpon my sword.

Mar. Wee haue sworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeed vpon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cryes under the Stage.

Ghost. Sweare.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy, sayst thou so, art thou there true penny?
Come on, you heare this fellow in the Sellerige,
Consent to sweare.

Hora. Propose the oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene,
Sweare by my sword.

Ghost. Sweare,

Ham hic, & ubique, then weelee shift our ground:
Come hether Gentlemen
And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,
Sweare by my sword
Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard.

Ghost. Sweare by his sword.

Ham. Well said old Mole, canst worke it h' earth so fast,
A worthy Pioner once more remoue good friends.

Hora. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome,
There are more thinges in heauen and earth Horatio
Then are dreamt of in your Philosophy : but come
Heere as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,
(How strange or odde so mere I beare my selfe,
As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet,
To put an Antike disposition on
That you at such times seeing mee, neuer shall
With armes incombred thus, or this head shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phrase,
As, well, well wee know, or wee could and if wee would,
Or if wee list to speake, or there be and if they might,
Or such ambiguous giuing out, to note)
That you knowe ought of mee, this do sweare,
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you.

Ghost. Sweare.

Ham. Rest, rest perturbed spirit: so Gentlemen,
With all my loue I doe commend me to you,

Prince of Denmarke.

And what so poore a man as Hamlet is,
May doe t' expresse his loue and frending to you
God willing shall not lacke; let vs goe in together,
And stll your fingers on your lips I pray,
The tune is out of ioynt, O cursed spight!
That euer I was borne to set it right.
Nay come, lets goe together.

Exeunt.

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Pol. Give him this mony, and these two notes Reynaldo.

Rey. I will my Lord.

Pol. You shall doe maruelous wisely good Reynaldo.

Before you visite him, to make inquire,
Of his behauour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry well said, very well said, looke you sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris.
And how, and who, what meanes, and where they keepe,
What company, at what expence, and finding,
By this encompassement and drift of question
That they doe know my sonne, come you more neerer
Then your particular demaunds will tuch it,
Take you as t' were some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him, doe you marke this Reynaldo?

Rey. I, very well my Lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you may say, not well,
But y' st be he I meane, hee's very wilde,
Addicted so and so, and there put on him
What forgeries you please, marry none so ranck
As may dishonour him, take heed of that,
But sir, such wanton, wild, and vſuall slips,
As are companions noted and most knowne
To youth and libertie.

Rey. As gaming my Lord.

Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so farre.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Fayn as you may season it in the charge.

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You